The Saint Andrew's College Review

Midsummer 1907

70 Distinct Styles

of

Summer Footwear

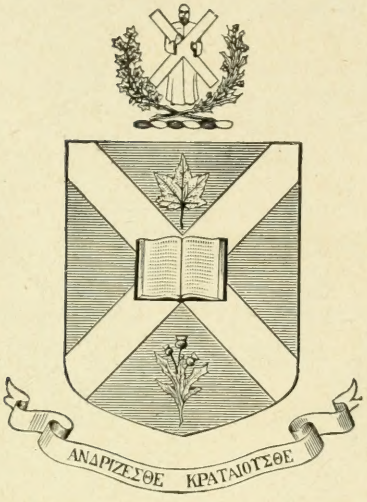
For Boys Who Care

J. Brotherton

550 YONGE STREET

TELEPHONE N. 2092

The St. Andrew's College Review



MIDSUMMER, 1907.

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WRONG
HOUSSER
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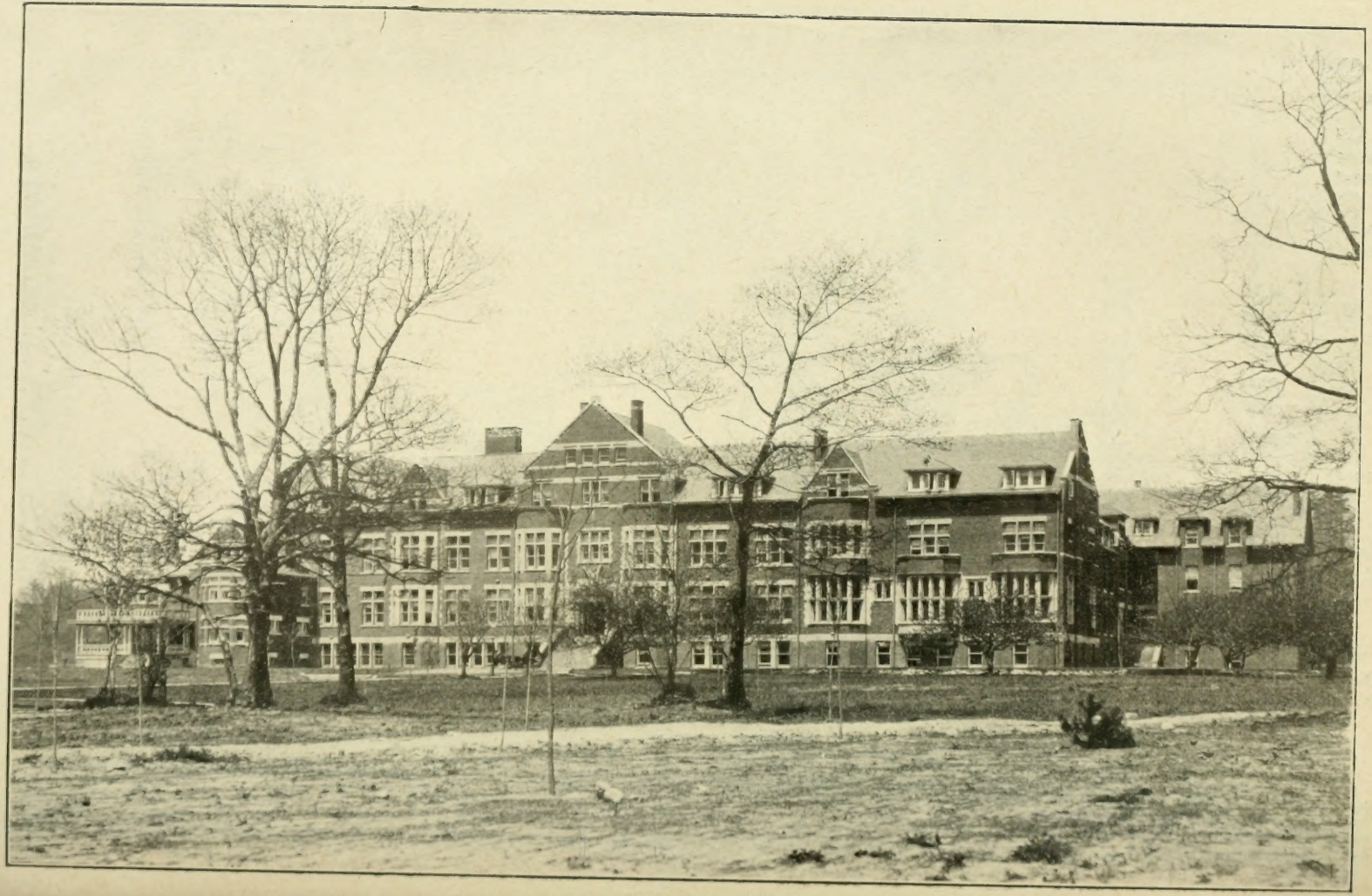

St. Andrew's College Review

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: CAMERON WILSON, B.A.
EDITORS: WINANS, WRONG, HOUSSER, BURNS, EBERTS.
BUSINESS MANAGER: GILL. ASSISTANT MANAGERS MCNEIL, IRWIN.
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MIDSUMMER, 1907

Editorials.

RETROSPECT.

Another school year has come and gone; once more we are on the eve of the long vacation. Intermingled with the joy of a summer's respite, with the freedom from school restraint and discipline, is the sadness of farewell and the unhappy realization that some of our best fellows will not be with us next year. Our loss will be some other's gain and we rejoice in the knowledge that so many devoted sons will carry the name of their school if not to the uttermost parts of the earth to, at least, many a place, many a centre of activity where her name is already favorably known and fully recognized. Out of the fulness of our hearts we propose to them a toast in which flattery and verbose praise have no place—a toast that is brimful of good wishes and the lingering *God-speed* of S. A. C. Good luck be with you, boys!

"May Dame Fortune ever smile on you;
But never her daughter—Miss Fortune!"

Likewise to the masters who are severing their connection with the college, the REVIEW extends hearty good wishes for their future happiness and welfare.

As a school we have had a successful year in every respect; our roll has increased, the residence of both upper and lower schools at

one time during the year having been taxed to the utmost capacity; our representatives at the various universities have come out well in their exams; in athletics there has been no small measure of success; residential life has run smoothly and—barring one sad occasion of painful memory!—normally. Accordingly we have little to regret during the past session and we have every assurance of a bright and prosperous re-opening in September.

PERSONALITY.

The college has been singularly fortunate this year in being brought into more or less personal touch with several gifted men whose very names have won universal recognition. Few schools have an opportunity of hearing within a short time such men as Dr. Goldwin Smith, the Sage of the Grange; Professor William Clark, of Trinity, whose name is loved and revered not only by graduates of that college, but by a very large circle of devoted friends; Dr. Grenfell, the good angel of the Labrador coast, whose modest self-effacement could not conceal the true greatness of this strong man of action and vast heroism; the Archbishop of Toronto, whose interest, not in matters ecclesiastic, but in schools such as our own, has made him a prime favorite among Canadian boys; with some other notables whom we cannot particularize.

Personality is a wonderful power for good or evil. To have lived under any conditions with men of such calibre as those mentioned, is in itself a liberal education. There is nothing small or petty in such as they; they radiate manliness, power of intellect, breadth of thought and energy of purpose. They are men who have lived with a definite object in view, men who have given to the world the best that is in them, and who will leave to a later generation the record of lives lived worthily and to the true betterment of their fellowmen. The written words of these men of action and thought carry weight in every direction; their contributions to the world of letters are read with care and appreciation. But it

means something more to have known them as men; to have enjoyed a personal intimacy with them; to have seen them off-hand, as it were; to have had with them the daily intercourse of collegiate or social life is to have seen human nature at its best and human mentality in its most attractive form. Only some of us have had that full privilege, but it is no small thing for us to have heard these great men in our own halls, to have listened to words meant for us as integral parts of Saint Andrew's College, and to have in after years the remembrance of their strong, charming personality, their courteous dignity, their words of kindly counsel and encouragement.

THE GRENFELL FUND.

As a result of Dr. Grenfell's entertaining talk upon his work among the deep-sea fisher-folk, a very strong interest was evoked among the older boys as well as in the lower school. A creditable collection was made on behalf of the doctor's worthy and dangerous mission, and it is the purpose to give at Easter of each year from S. A. C. as large an amount as possible for the continuance of this splendid work.

Through Norman Duncan's book, Dr. Luke of the Labrador, and other recent stories, we have all been made familiar with the locality in which Dr. Grenfell spends his life. But behind the romance of this labor of love lie the stern facts of extreme hardship, the gravest danger, unlovely poverty and barren destitution. There is scarcely a common necessity that these poor people do not require, so empty and so unremunerative is their life. They prey upon the deep; the deep preys upon them and so the years go on, monotonously, cheerlessly, and with the greatest physical and mental deprivation. We should be glad of the opportunity as a college and as individuals to help on the heroic work of this noble man, to bring some comfort to the lives of the lowly fisher-folk who know nothing of the joys and comforts enjoyed by the humblest boy at Saint Andrew's.

TREE-PLANTING.

Several trees have been planted about the grounds this spring, which in a few years will greatly enhance the attractiveness of the college premises. Not the least notable event on our annual Field-Day was the planting of a commemorative elm by Professor Goldwin Smith, a graceful ceremony full of poetic meaning.

There is something wondrously beautiful in a brave old tree that has withstood the ravages of time, that has strained and creaked before many a chill, winter blast only to cling more firmly to mother earth in grim defiance of such elemental outbursts. In the spring its boughs are clothed anew in vivid green; during the hot summer months it affords grateful shade to all who come beneath its whispering canopy of leaves; for the too brief autumn days it adds a bright dash of color to the resplendent glories of a dying year. One by one its leaves fall; again it stands in undisguised and naked strength, stript of all save its delicate tracery of interlacing boughs.

The Lieutenant-Governor in his happy speech spoke of one's life being as the life of a tree, and surely there is no simile more applicable to those whose years are in the sapling stage, whose growth to maturity should be as progressive, as expansive, as the growth of a useful and beautiful tree.

THANKS AND A GROWL.

The Editor-in-Chief again finds it his pleasurable duty to thank his co-workers for their interest in the paper and the downright, solid hard work they have devoted to the REVIEW. They have spared neither time nor trouble in doing their share. Especially have the Business Manager and his assistants evinced a deep interest in the paper's welfare and have succeeded in placing it upon a satisfactory financial basis. Any credit coming to the REVIEW is due entirely to the fellows who have so ably discharged the duty entrusted to them in their election to its various offices.

In sad comparison, however, the Editor laments the feeble support given by the college in general. Last year two competitions were opened as an encouragement to dormant talents and with a view of securing good material for the paper. As a result of the first contest three stories were entered, and in the photographic contest two entries were made. This year it was even worse; one set of photographs was submitted—excellent photographs, too, and well worth the prize offered; but it seems a shame that a school paper is given the go-by in this way. Almost every second boy in college has a camera and to all appearances spends considerable time in taking pictures. But they were too lazy or too indifferent to collect six of their negatives and tender them to the REVIEW. One might think the prize offered is not tempting enough, but, from the number of insolvents one hears trying to borrow a dime to spend at the tuck, evidently there is not too much cash amongst the boarders. So that excuse does not hold. The REVIEW wants good school photos at all times, but it is like drawing teeth to get them.

Then, with regard to literary contributions. There are plenty of fellows who have the story-telling faculty, but they leave it all to five or six whose brains and unfailing good nature keep the school paper supplied with reading matter. Every number is indebted practically to the same generous few who are always quick to respond to editorial appeals.

Again, the noble youths who will not condescend to help the REVIEW are the very first to pounce, harpy-like, on the paper and pull it to pieces. They are the *knockers* who criticize and find fault but who wouldn't raise a finger to help things along. They grumble at the style of the REVIEW, and demand something better for their money's worth, but they are too contemptibly indifferent to lend a hand. Possibly they think the editing of a school paper is a lead-pipe cinch! Well, with this issue the present staff retires. The coast is clear. Let them try it and have an eye-opener!

Contributed Articles.

WHEN STANWYN BROKE THE STRIKE.

PETERSON, the foreman, stalked wearily into the rough, clap-boarded office, and cast his broad brimmed "Stetson" on the counter. "Them blamed dagos is getting worse every day. Do nothin' but kick, and aint got no time left for work. Give me Swedes every time." Whereupon, having disburdened himself of this long speech, he poured some water into a tin basin, and began to wash his hands.

Stanwyn, the clerk, glanced up from a requisition list he was making out, "Why, Pete, I thought you said they were doing finely."

"So they was," answered Peterson, slowly drying his hands. "So they was, until them new ones arrived. They can't work properly themselves, and they won't let no one else. Always talking about poor wages, and declaring that if they don't all get a quarter more a day they'll quit; it makes me sick." Just then Frank, the cook, stuck his head in the door, and announced that dinner was ready, so Peterson wearily left the shack for the delights of the grub-tent.

Stanwyn had recently graduated from a well-known university, and having no definite career mapped out, had eagerly snapped up the position of combined clerk and timekeeper, in a construction camp of a railway line, running through a rocky part of New Ontario. Peterson, the foreman over a gang of Italians, and Frank, the cook, completed the list of white men.

Stanwyn found the out-door life suited him splendidly, and had entered heart and soul into the prosaic duties of keeping the time of a hundred Italians. All that afternoon, he was busy checking up the time on the pay-roll, and was much surprised when Peterson, more despondent than ever, entered the shack. "What, supper time already," Stanwyn called out. "How did things go this afternoon?"

"It's getting worse Stan; they refused to work after half past five to-night, and I guess they'll be coming in here for their time before long."

REVIEW STAFF, 1906-07.

"But the company paid their fares from Montreal, and they haven't even earned enough to pay that off, yet," said Stanwyn.

"Quite right, youngster, they ain't going to quit yet, not while I'm foreman," and Peterson walked to the small mirror to complete his simple toilet.

Hardly had Stanwyn come back into the office after supper, than the Italians came for their time. "Not now," said Stanwyn, "wait till you've worked out the price of your passage." Peterson used more emphatic language, but all with apparently no result. Finally they were persuaded to leave the office and Peterson locked the door. "They won't quit camp without they get their cheques. We'll keep them here till they come to their senses," declared Peterson, although he looked worried. Stanwyn said nothing, but through the small window he noticed that some Italians were stationing themselves near the camp and that several carried shot guns.

"Looks like a siege," he finally ejaculated, and his suspicions were confirmed when Frank was brought by the Italians to the door. The beseiged took him in, and were told that "them bloomin' dagos" had taken charge of the supplies.

"Starve us to terms, I suppose," said Peterson, but Stanwyn answered not a word, for already he was turning over in his mind a scheme by which the siege might be raised.

At length he unburdened himself. "It'll be dark to-night, Pete, won't it?"

"Looks like it," said Pete, glancing through the window at the cloudy sky.

"Well, when it's dark, you or Frank could pretend to make a dash for aid down the tote-road to Nicholson's camp. I don't think they'd dare fire at any of us, so it's comparatively safe. Then when most of the guards are chasing you, I'll slip out under cover of the darkness, and make for the bay where our canoe is."

"But what good's that going to do us?" broke in Peterson.

"Why to-night the boat passes here on her way to Garside, and I could likely catch her at Bob's Landing and get into headquarters before daylight."

"Sounds good to me," said Peterson. "Count me in for the bluff part," and so it was settled.

Darkness came at last, and Peterson got quietly out into the night, and was well started down the tote-road before the Italians realized that one of their prisoners had escaped. Then there was great excitement, and a mad dash after him before they brought

him back in triumph. But in the midst of the confusion, Stanwyn had started on his journey.

Quietly he wormed his way towards the shore of the bay where the canoe was hidden. He took advantage of every vestige of shelter, but his heart was in his mouth more than once, when a stick under foot would break with a snap. Once he thought he was seen, and lay perfectly still for a time that seemed hours. Then he cautiously started on his way again, and finally reached the bay.

He lit a match, carefully shading it with his coat, and glanced at his watch. Ten past nine, and he had to catch the boat at ten-thirty, five miles away. Could he do it? There was a chance. He'd try anyway. He had to launch his canoe quietly, and go slowly at first, and this was the hardest part of the whole trip, for he realized that he was racing against time, yet realized also that discovery now would spoil his whole plan. Three or four Italians could easily overtake him in their big rowboat, should they discover he had gone.

When he was out of earshot from the camp, he looked at his watch again. More than twenty minutes gone. Now he must work —and work he did.

Fortunately there was not much wind, so he had no sea to combat. He bent himself to his work, but every now and again would stop for an instant and listen. At last he heard what he had been waiting for, the throb of the steamer's engines, a few miles away. It sounded as if she were nearer than he expected, he must go faster. The boy was almost exhausted, but the sound of the whistle as the steamer neared the landing, seemed to revive him.

Just a short distance more—now he could see the steamer's lights. She was stopping. If there were only enough freight to keep her at the wharf till he should arrive! He couldn't shout, for he had no breath left. Only a hundred yards more, but he heard the engine gongs sound the signal to start. He would miss her after all. No! a careless deckhand had forgotten to land a trunk! It meant only two or three extra minutes, but they were enough for Stanwyn. He reached the side of the steamer, and was pulled aboard just as the last line from shore was thrown off.

How he reported the affair at headquarters and next day brought up a tug in which were fifty specially sworn-in constables —(a welcome sight to the hard-pressed Peterson and Frank)— and how the stalwart fifty persuaded the Italians what their *real* duty was, is another story. DOUGLAS W. FRASER.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.

IT was the last half of the ninth innings. The afternoon sun flooded the field, and the wildly-excited "fans" who crowded every available part of the grounds stood waving their arms and yelling like mad. To fully appreciate the situation you should know that this was the final game in the Eastern League race for the Pennant of 1907, between the Toronto team and their rivals of old, Buffalo.

The score stood at two all, with the Toronto team at the bat. Two men were down, Thoney had reached second on his two-base hit, and as Kelley came to the bat, the crowd held its breath. Many were the words of advice that came from all parts of the field, but when two strikes were registered against the batter, the "fans" were silent in despair. But not for long, for the ball flew from Kelley's bat right into the crowd on the outskirts of the field, and the game and pennant were won.

As Holmes and I, Dr. Watson, jostled our way through the crowd, we were well pleased with the first baseball game we had seen in Canada. When the busses containing the players came along, we were carried out into the road by the cheering, happy mob.

The Toronto team passed first, then the Buffalo team. Just at this moment, between the two busses, my eye fell on something glittering against the bricks of the road.

Drawn by curiosity I shouldered my way over to the spot where the crowd fell in behind the busses, and, after a little trouble, managed to pick the object up. Not having time to examine it closely then, I thrust it into my pocket, and set off to find Holmes. This was more difficult than I had expected, for he had been swept on by the crowd. When at last I caught up with him, I was surprised to note that his face wore that abstracted look which comes over it when his mind is busy with some deep problem.

It was not until I had slipped my arm in his that he was aware that I had left him, and then the look of abstraction disappeared from his face, as his eyes regarded me with their fascinating, keen gaze.

"Ah, doctor," he said, "I was thinking of that interesting case that came up before me yesterday. But what was it you found on the road?" Then seeing my look of bewilderment, he added: "I

noticed the dust on the fingers of the glove on your right hand." He laughed at his little joke, as though pleased at my unspoken testimony to his keenness of perception.

I then told him of how I had come across what seemed to be a common Canadian coin. It was my unfamiliarity with Canadian money that caused me to make this mistake.

When we had got free of the crowd and were walking towards our hotel I showed him the coin. He seemed deeply interested in it, turning it over and over in his hand and scrutinizing it closely. Then, as I watched my interesting friend—for I confess I dearly love to study his methods—I noted the same curious look of abstraction come into his face.

We walked on in silence for some time, and then I noticed his face clear. This was the opportunity for which I had been watching, and I asked him what he made of the coin.

"Well, doctor," he said, "I feel reasonably sure that the owner of this coin is a careless, meddling American, who drives his own automobile." I was not greatly surprised at my friend's confident manner, for I had long ceased being surprised at his marvellous and never-erring powers of deduction from things which the ordinary man would regard as most commonplace. In answer to my questions, he pointed out that the coin was an American five dollar piece, which fact led him to believe that, as the coin was evidently a perfectly new one, its owner was an American. The numerous small dints and scratches about it showed that it had been carried lose in the pocket with numerous other coins. This meant that the owner was careless.

He pointed out to me where someone had cut chips off the milled edges with some sharp instrument. This undoubtedly proved its owner of a meddlesome nature. Is it any wonder that this human calculating machine, from whose notice no trifle, however small, can escape, compels my admiration?

By the next morning I had almost forgotten the incident. Holmes and I breakfasted together, and I was in no small way surprised when he refused to take his customary morning walk with me. I did not wish to go out alone, so I remained with Holmes.

About ten o'clock the bell boy knocked at the door, saying that a gentleman wished to see Holmes. My friend ordered that he be sent up at once. "Now, doctor," he said, "we shall see if the trip across has caused me to lose any of my old-time cleverness. I placed

PREFECTS, 1906-07.

an advertisement in last night's paper regarding that coin you found. I suspect that that is its owner who is now coming along the hall." He was right. A large, genial, pleasant-looking man took the chair that Holmes offered him, after having introduced himself and me.

When Holmes spoke of the theory he had formed, our visitor appeared interested. He identified the coin as his, and when he put it carefully away in his purse, I could see that my friend was at a loss.

Upon hearing the substance of Holmes' theory, our visitor seemed overcome with merriment, and it was evident that at last my friend's reasoning had failed to guess at the truth.

I set down the exact words of the visitor as nearly as I can remember them:—

"My name is Joseph Kelley. I am captain-manager of the Toronto Baseball Club, now champions of the Eastern League."—Here we both expressed our surprise.—"I am afraid, Mr. Holmes, that your reasoning is far astray. Some evenings ago I visited the home of a friend, to whose small son I foolishly showed this coin. He fancied it, and, to stop his crying I let him have it for a few moments. While my friend and I were talking, he took it out of the room, and, as you have pointed out to me, used it roughly. When I left the house the coin could not be found. My friend, however, found it and gave it to me yesterday after the ball game, handing it to me in his automobile glove, thus giving it the smell of gasoline. I must have dropped it from the tally-ho."

When he had departed after thanking us, Holmes sank into a chair in despair, and has never since seemed the same man.

F. Macdonald.

A FAIRY'S GIFT.

LITTLE MIRO was a fairy who lived with her many, many fairy friends in the wall of an old building. Ever since she could remember the building had been used as a college, but her grandmother told her that it had not always been so. She was the prettiest and sweetest of fairies, and above all, she was always happy.

By-and-by the college moved away to a more suitable build-

ing; and for a long time Miro and her friends enjoyed playing about the vacant building. But soon the fairies grew tired of the empty house, so one by one they began to lift their faces to the moon, and ask, "May I go now?" And the old moon would laugh and nod his head. Then away the fairy would fly to some unknown land many times better and more wonderful than this old earth of ours. So each night one of the fairies would receive the moon's consent and fly away.

At last every fairy had flown away except Miro. She disliked leaving her happy home, but, of course, she could not stay there all alone. So when night came on she stepped out in the silver light of the moon, and lifting up her tiny face she said: "O Moon, may I go now?" But the old moon just shook his head and sailed away across the sky.

There she stood for a long, long time. The gentle breeze ruffled her golden hair, and tossed about her shining robes of white. She was left alone and the moon refused to let her go. She dropped one tear which rolled off in the grass sparkling like a diamond, and when she raised her head again, the moon was gone.

Not long after the removal of the college, men came with picks and spades and pulled the old building down; and with it they destroyed Miro's home. But Miro found a hole under a rock where she abode till the men had gone away. Then, drying her tears, she came to the entrance of her hole. The stars were shining brightly in the quiet night. Once more Miro stood before the moon, and, stretching out her arms to him, said: "Please, Moon, may I go now?" But the moon just frowned as he passed behind a dark cloud, and Miro wept.

Soon more men appeared, and in due time, in the old college grounds stood many beautiful residences. But Miro was lonely, so lonely that she did nothing all day but weep and weep. Once more the workmen left the grounds, and again Miro came out of her hole, this time in the midst of many houses. The moon was shining above, and Miro knelt on the ground and pleaded: "O Moon, can't I go now?" But the moon looked cross, and shook his head, so again Miro went back to her hole. This time to think and not to weep. Surely there was some reason why the moon would not let her go!

Now, the only treasure that Miro had saved from her old home in the wall was a small tin box. This had probably been too care-

fully stowed away at the time the college occupied the building, for the box was labelled "College Spirit." Idly now Miro opened the box for the first time. Inside she found very carefully wrapped up a minute seed. The box also contained a small parcel of black soil. And Miro planted the tiny seed in the black soil. Then she watered it and put it in the sun and cared for it, and soon a small plant appeared. So taken up was Miro with the care of her plant that she almost forgot her grief and once more was the same bright fairy of former days. The plant grew and grew, and continued to grow and to become stronger, until it was really a fair sized tree. And Miro said, "What shall I do with my fairy plant?" Then a thought came to her. That night while every one was sleeping she carefully took her plant of college spirit and flew with it to a college not far away. "There," she said as she planted it in front of the building, "this tree will guard the college with a magic power, and will continually increase the right kind of college spirit."

Then the fairy flew away to her hole and felt happy, oh so happy! The moon beams crept to the darkest corners of the hole and brightened them with their silver light. Then it was that Miro again stood before the moon and merrily asked: "O Moon, may I go *now?*" And the good old moon nodded and laughed, and Miro flew away.

Far up in the sky she looked down on the college. The air was filled with the words of a song. "Ah!" she said as she sailed onward, "the tree has taken effect already."

It is true that the fairy has gone away, but may the words of the encouraging song every stay with us!—

March, march on down the field,
Fighting for Andy.
Break through the dark blue line
Their strength to defy;
We'll give a cheer for St. Andrew's men,
We're here to win again.
U.C.C. may fight to the end but the Saints will win.

EDWIN A. BURNS.

A LUCKY HAZARD.

A FEW years ago I was a member of an expedition formed to make a study of the flora of Central Paraguay. A learned professor, Dr. Jarvis, was in command of the party, and he, together with another Canadian, named Turner, and myself, comprised the white portion of the outfit. Two negroes, one of whom we called Sambo and the other Coal Scuttle acted as guides and general handy men.

We had advanced quite a distance into the interior and had left civilization behind us at Corrientes. All day we rowed up the Vermejo River, getting out of the boats occasionally and seeking new specimens in the plant world. On one of these expeditions the adventure happened which came near costing us our lives.

We were proceeding quietly up stream when suddenly the professor's skilled eye perceived a flower which he thought was rare and which he desired to add to his collection. So, desirous of stretching our cramped limbs we at once rowed to the bank and tied the boats to a tree. Having left Coal Scuttle to see that the boats did not drift, the rest of us set out in quest of the flower.

It was more distant than it had first appeared and we consumed a longer space of time than we had expected. When we finally reached the spot the professor put the flower in his specimen case and suggested that he should go farther, where we might possibly find other plants.

Turner, I may say, was an ardent golfer. He had become inoculated with the mania shortly before we left home and so it had hardly as yet had a chance to wear off. He had had no chance to play on board ship and so, of necessity, he would only babble incoherently of bunkers, mashies, foozles, niblicks, hazards, etc. On our little inland excursions he was always armed with a crooked branch which he called a brassie and with which he was continually making imaginary strokes.

Well, to resume, we pursued our search for specimens, and ere long emerged from the woods into a green and grassy plain. It was perhaps one hundred yards in width at the place where we stood, but it broadened out a short distance farther on and grew rather more hillocky and rough. Directly opposite us a hill arose to the height of, perhaps, five hundred feet. It was a beautiful sight and aroused in me the feelings of an artist, but it had quite a different effect upon Turner.

MAURICE McPHEDRAN,

PRESIDENT'S GOLD MEDALIST.

"What an ideal spot for a golf course," he exclaimed. "It's almost as level as a floor on the side east of the hill, and as for that rough ground on the west, it would make splendid hazards. My kingdom for golf clubs and balls! What a fool I was not to bring any with me! This old prehistoric," shaking his makeshift club, "is all right in a way, but for real science it is no good whatever."

We decided to see some more of this lovely spot and at once started to walk across the meadow in the direction of the hill with Turner still bewailing his unhappy lot. We had almost reached the foot of the hill when suddenly Sambo touched the professor on the arm and pointed into the forest behind us. At the farther edge of the wood we perceived to our dismay a band of savages approaching in single file. We decided not to honor the natives with our presence and made our way as rapidly as possible up the hillside. The savages seeing that further concealment was useless with a yell broke out in pursuit, but we reached the hill top, however, before they arrived at the edge of the woods. We had unfortunately left our firearms in the boat as we had expected to be gone but for a short time and so were puzzled how to resist the savages as they had unconsciously cut off our retreat to the boats.

We were endeavoring to think of some plan to outwit the enemy, that is, the professor and I were doing the thinking. Sambo was watching the enemy with his teeth chattering like castanets and Turner was coolly knocking a little clay ball about on the flat surface of the hill top with his club.

"For goodness' sake, Turner," I exclaimed, "quit that confounded golf for a moment and tell us what you think ought to be done."

"Done about what?" he answered. "Oh! yes, you mean how can we get rid of these niggers. Well, my plan is to use this hill top as a teeing-ground and to knock some of these clay balls into the midst of them. They are stopping to have a consultation and that will give us time to make our preparations. You will find a bed of clay over yonder, and you can make the balls out of it. Then lay them in the sun and they will be as hard as rocks in a few minutes. You had better get to work right away as I begin to see signs of movement among the 'niggers.' In the meantime while the balls are hardening I will make a few tees and practice the driving swing which old Sandy McGregor taught me."

We followed instructions to the best of our ability and Sambo even essayed at making a "tee." The balls were soon hard and

Turner taking the hardest one balanced it carefully on a little mound of earth which he had built and which he called a "tee." He had instructed Sambo in the art beforehand, with the result that the native had become quite an adept.

Our exponent of "ye noble game" of golf then took his club in hand and placing himself in an attitude which would have done justice to a contortionist began his driving swing, as he termed it. It seemed to be rather unnecessary, but he said it was the game and must be done, so I hoped for the best and let him do his worst. He started off gently enough merely touching the sod with his club, but at length in a paroxysm of fury he swung fiercely with his club and lifted an unoffending bit of sod ten feet in the air. This seemed to satisfy him and he got down to business, and bringing his club well above his shoulder smote the ball fairly.

There was a sharp click caused by the impact and then, although I strained my eyes I could see no sign of the ball. Suddenly one of the negroes pointed to a spot in the forest behind and I saw that Turner's first attempt had not gone very wide of the mark.

Our golf player now mounted another ball on a "tee" and told me to keep my eye on a certain negro who was advancing from the wood carrying a large earthenware jar on his head à la Happy Hooligan. I watched carefully and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the jar fly off its owner's head to the latter's utmost astonishment.

"How's that for accuracy?" yelled Turner. "I wonder what Sandy MacGregor would say of his pupil now? I guess I'll have a try now for that fellow with the feather head dress. He seems to be boss of the ranch and if he gets hit it will, I think, paralyze the rest of the bunch. Fore!"

Crack! Our messenger of fate had departed and the tall figure of the chief was for a moment the cynosure of all eyes. Then we saw him drop like a log, and although we did not know where he had been struck, it was evident that he was pretty hard hit. His followers with cries of astonishment at once flocked around their wounded leader. One of them picked up the small clay ball and we could see from their gestures that they were entirely at sea as concerned it. The natives in a body with the chief in the centre began to carry him off the field in order that they might revive him in the shade of the trees.

"Well," said Turner, "I know it is a rule of civilized warfare not to fire on the ambulance corps, but circumstances alter cases."

And, so speaking, he drove two balls into their midst in close succession which left havoc in their wake and caused the natives to seek cover in a hurry, leaving their chief groaning upon the ground.

Shortly afterward, however, they risked being hit by flying balls and rushing out drew their leader back into the shelter of the woods. Here, we saw the chief speaking to them and we gathered from his gestures that he believed the gods were in league with us. In fact he seemed to believe that Turner was a god, as he had noticed that whenever Turner waved his club an unseen thunderbolt dashed from the sky and struck down a man. To render the chief's speech more dramatic Turner sent a ball crashing through the bushes near them and thus did much to increase the effect of the oration. It also made them determined to depart and leave us in peace, as they knew it was perfectly useless to strive with gods.

Having arrived at this conclusion, satisfactory to both parties, they "stood not upon the order of their going, but simply went." We watched them until they were out of sight, when we descended from the hill top and made our way to the boats. We embarked and resumed our voyage and from that time forth were not bothered by any natives whatever, the general feeling among them being that we were in league with gods. But the next time we made a little trip of this sort you may be sure that we exercised more care and vigilance than we did in the above written memorable excursion.

MACKAY.

A STORM.

THERE is something in a severe storm which, while it lasts, holds one's nerves at such a tension as is caused by nothing else; something which keeps one keyed at the height of expectancy, waiting for the next vivid flash of lightning and its instantly following peal of thunder, giving another example of the weakness of puny man compared with the mightiness of nature. Although my experience of storms has been limited, the memory of one which occurred one summer in northern Ontario will never leave me. In this section of our province the storms, though not frequent, are unusually severe.

For three days the heat had been oppressive and at night the usually cool breezes gave way to an atmosphere of stifling heat.

Everything in nature seemed struggling for a breath of air and even in the depths of the woods there was no escape from the closeness. The rising sun appeared like a copper disc in a murky sky. The ever-trembling leaves of the poplars quivered and rustled, the light and dark sides showing alternately like the view in a kaleidoscope, while the heat-devils chased each other in shimmering lines across the surface of the water. A few frogs croaked dismally in the marsh down the shore, but no song of birds filled the air. All nature seemed to be under some tremendous strain and to be tensely awaiting something.

Soon a change could be noticed in the appearance of the sky which became darker and took on the look of a great bronze dome. The stillness became even more profound. Suddenly a poplar across the little bay shook its bi-colored leaves violently and then stood still. The dark line which had begun at the western horizon widened rapidly. A fitful gust of wind shivered across the bay and stirred the cat's paws, followed by dead calm, while the black cloud rapidly overspread the sky.

Then a broad irregular ribbon of lightning divided the storm-cloud, while a few large drops of rain fell heavily and noisily, followed by a short fierce gust of wind which lifted the dust in whirlwinds along the sandy beach.

A deep silence followed and then the first low rumble of thunder. A tearing, roaring gust of wind convulsed the tree tops on the other side of the bay. A terrible flash of lighting ensued and with it came the rain. Before it reached us we could see it blown to spray like the foamy crest of a wave. The wind rushed across the lake and the storm struck us as we scurried for shelter. Amid the creaking and groaning and the crashing of falling trees came a terrific peal of thunder. The wind roared through the woods carrying destruction with it, while flash followed flash in quick succession as the lake was lashed to fury. Then the violence of the storm began to abate, but the rain came down harder than ever. We looked out from our shelter throwing open the door to let in the fresh air. And what a change! The green of the woods had changed from a dull, listless, shade to one of fresh newness. Little rivulets foamed down the shore on their way to the lake. A ray of light shot down through a tattered cloud and with it came a twittering of birds. We stepped forth and filled our lungs with the cool, clear air as the muttering of thunder died away in the east.

GRAY.

THE WORK OF DR. GRENFELL.

VERY few of us probably have ever paused for a few moments to think about the widely-known "Little-Big" man, who so recently confronted us in our own halls, or the work to which he has devoted the better part of his life. As Dr. Grenfell entered the prayer hall and walked to the platform by the side of our Principal, we were little able to guess of the power hidden behind his calm eyes and countenance. As soon as he began to speak, however, his presence was felt, more than anything else. He talked, not in the eloquent phrases of an orator, but very simply, and so that the very smallest boy might understand. He gave us a few incidents of his life among the poor fishermen of Labrador, and we were thrilled with the accounts. What a life it must be—full of excitement and romance, but of a better sort—what more could be desired? It was with a sigh of regret that we heard him say that his time was up, and that he must keep us no longer. But it was with a great hope that we should see and hear him on his next trip south, that we left the hall.

Labrador, as we all know, is a barren rock-bound coast, deeply indented, like Norway. Fogs are frequent, and are often the cause of many dire calamities. Provisions, with the exceptions of fish and game, have to be imported from Newfoundland. The inhabitants of this lonely spot are hardy fisher folk, who daily take their lives in their hands to try and gather a scanty living from the forbidding sea. For them it is a perpetual struggle against fog, hidden rocks, and dangers common to a treacherous ocean. Yet if markets were more easily accessible, if men of knowledge settled there to dispel their ignorance, to heal the sick and, in general, to teach these men of the sea how to live, their lives would doubtless be different. These are a few of the ends towards which the mission is pressing, and with fair success.

In this land there is a great lack of education. But the question arises, how shall the people be taught? These men know all the hardships of life. When sickness or accidents come upon them they are all but helpless, and their only safeguard is this deep-sea mission. Before this work began, the mail boat which passed twice a year, carried a doctor, who would treat any patients who were able to come to him at the various stopping places. But throughout

the long autumn and winter, with its manifold storms and accidents there was no help.

In 1892 Dr. Grenfell sailed from England on the hospital ship Albert. In three months he had treated more than 900 patients. During the next ten years, through much labor and the kindness of a few interested friends, three hospitals were built, small ones it is true, but serving the purpose a great deal better than none at all.

In addition to these hospitals, Dr. Grenfell established a number of stores in opposition to the "truck system" of trade, and the consequent loss of thrift; a lumber mill which afforded employment, and the so necessary material; an orphanage where those were cared for whose protectors had been claimed by the insatiate deep; besides industries for women, such as weaving and boot making.

So this work progresses, slowly, owing to lack of proper accommodation and adequate support. To build hospitals, give medical assistance, drugs, and other necessaries, all require money, and I am sure that you will all agree with me that every right-minded boy in Saint Andrew's ought to feel proud of the opportunity so lately afforded, of doing even a little each year towards this mission, which is indeed a heroic institution, and which has a true hero at its head.

McLaren II.

PLANTING OF THE TREE.

FIRST CRICKET TEAM, 1906-07.

Athletics.

CRICKET.

THE cricket season was opened on Saturday, May 4th, by a game with Rosedale, played on the College campus, resulting in a win for Rosedale, 83 to 61. For the College McPherson was high with 32, and Graham next, with 13.

The next game was played on Wednesday, May 8th, against Stanley Barracks on our grounds. The team were successful in this match, 88 to 63, of which Duncanson's 25 and Graham's 16 were the chief features.

On the following Saturday Grace Church were our opponents and were also successful, 75 to 25. None of the College eleven reached double figures. The weather was extremely cold accompanied by a high wind. McPherson 7 and Fleming 4 were top scores for College.

On Saturday, May 18th, we were defeated by the St. Albans' Club, 87 to 20. Hope headed the College list with 7 runs to his credit.

The annual game at Mimico was played on May 28th, the weather still being cold. Mimico batted first and were all dismissed for 67 of which Whitaker obtained 18 and Terry 25. College made 34 in their half of the innings, Grant scoring 12. Tidy took 3 wkts for 9, and McPherson 5 for 30. In the second innings Mimico made 108 of which Whitaker contributed 115 by hard hitting. S. A. C. managed to score 60 of which Graham with 30 was chief run getter.

The first school game was played at Port Hope, on Saturday, June 1st. The day was dark, and the weather very threatening. We arrived at T. C. S. about eleven o'clock and were ready to commence half an hour later. McPherson won the toss, and elected to field. Aided by bad fielding Trinity made 76. After the lunch interval, S. A. C. commenced batting but were returned to the field with only 20 runs to their credit. In the second innings T. C. S. declared for 110 runs, S. A. C. then tried a second time and scored 46, Grant making 25, not out.

S.A.C. v. U.C.C.

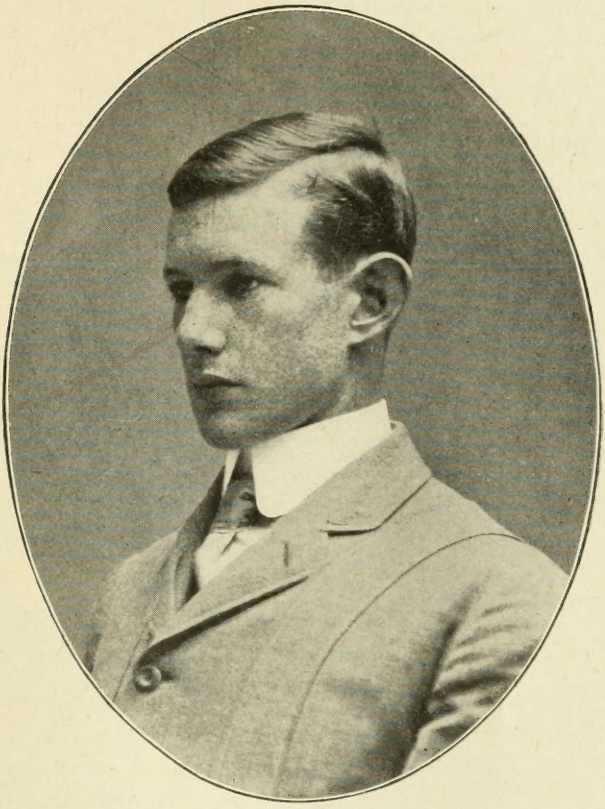
College and Upper Canada met in their annual game on Saturday, June 8th, on the U.C.C. campus. St. Andrew's were sent to bat, and by careful playing scored 50, of which Grant obtained 17 and Maclaren 11. U.C.C. then went in and lost 6 w'k'ts for 29 when several hard hitters made a stand, and raised the final score to 74, winning the innings by 24 runs. College again went to bat, but were retired for 21.

U.C.C. thus won by an innings and 3 runs.

S.A.C. v. B.R.C.

The game between Ridley and S.A.C., took place on the College Campus on Tuesday, June 11th. Th e day was fine but a heavy wind was blowing across the grounds. Ridley won the toss and chose the field. St. Andrew's innings was opened by Hastings and Hope, who made a good start. However, Hastings was bowled by Maxwell I., before his eye was in, Grant joined Hope, and the partnership yielded the former 18 runs and the latter 14. From this on runs came steadily until we were all out for 79. McPherson (13), was the only other to get doubles. Ridley began their innings immediately after lunch. Alexander unfortunately was clean bowled by McPherson for 7, and Maxwell II., his partner, was caught by MacLaren off Graham for 5. The rest of the team retired for 11 runs, the total of the innings being 23. Graham bowled extremely well taking 7 wickets for 6 runs, while McPherson took 3 wickets for 3 runs. S.A.C. again batted but were dismissed for 42, of which Fleming obtained 13, not out, and Grant 11. Ridley were unable to continue their innings owing to the expiration of time. College thus won by 53 runs on the first innings.

McPherson.



W. B. M'PHERSON, CAPT. 1906-07.

PERSONNEL OF FIRST TEAM.

McPHERSON, I.—A good bat. Hits well all round the wicket. A fine left hand bowler. The mainstay of the eleven. Team field captain.

GRAHAM.—A free left hand bat. Bowls fast right hand, often taking wickets. Can hit.

GRANT.—Bats in good style and can cut. Plays forward well. With increased size should be good. Can bowl. Has made some fine catches at point.

FLEMMING.—Bats in correct form and ought to make runs. Has been very unlucky.

MACLAREN.—Has too much flourish at present, but with care should be a punishing bat. Fair right hand bowler.

HOPE.—An enthusiastic cricketer. With more experience should turn out well. An energetic field and good company on the cricket field. Should be good next year.

SMITH.—A painstaking bat and tries hard. Is improving and ought to be good next season. Fair field.

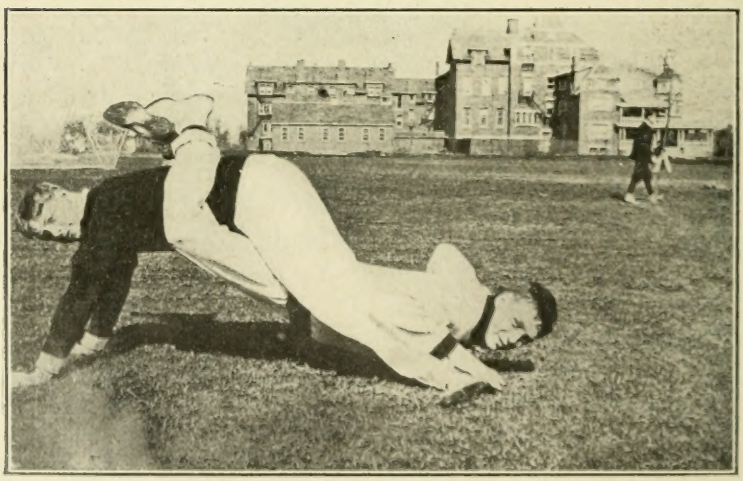
MILLER.—The wicket keeper and a promising one. Must play with a straight bat. Has lots of power.

HASTINGS.—A left hand bat, but must play with more vigor. Must conquer his nervousness.

TIDY.—A young hand, but with care should turn out well. A fairly good left hand bat and a good change bowler. Fair field. Should do well next year.

DUNCANSON.—One of the best bats in the team. Good defence. Must learn to hit on the off. A hard-working field and never gets slack.

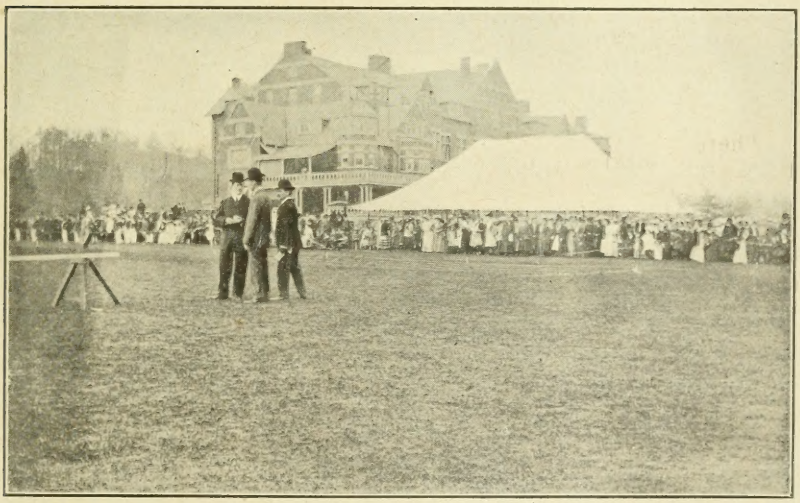
CALDWELL.—A patient bat. Has fairly good defence. A fair left hand bowler. Should be very useful next year.



SECOND TEAM.

ALTHOUGH the season of 1907 was not the most auspicious for cricket as far as the weather was concerned, yet in every other way this year has been a most successful one for S.A.C.'s second team.

The first match with Highfield was on S. A. C. grounds when the 2nds were rather unlucky, time only accounting for their defeat. In the first innings, Highfield went to bat first and knocked out 45, while owing principally to nervousness, 22 was all the 2nds could tally, but in the 2nd innings things were different, Highfield only getting 27 runs, while Caldwell and McKinnon alone overtook Highfield's score and lacked but nine runs to win, when time was called and wickets drawn.



In the return match with Highfield at Hamilton, only two things need mention. First the score was 87 to 18, in S. A. C's favour, Cutler distinguishing himself by making 34, and secondly, the kind manner in which we were entertained by Mr. and Mrs Collinson, of Highfield.

The following composed the team:—Wood I, Cutler, Edwards, Caldwell I, Douglas II, McKinnon, MacFarland, Smith IV., Grant II., Lowes, MacAvity. Spare: Matheson.

WOOD I.

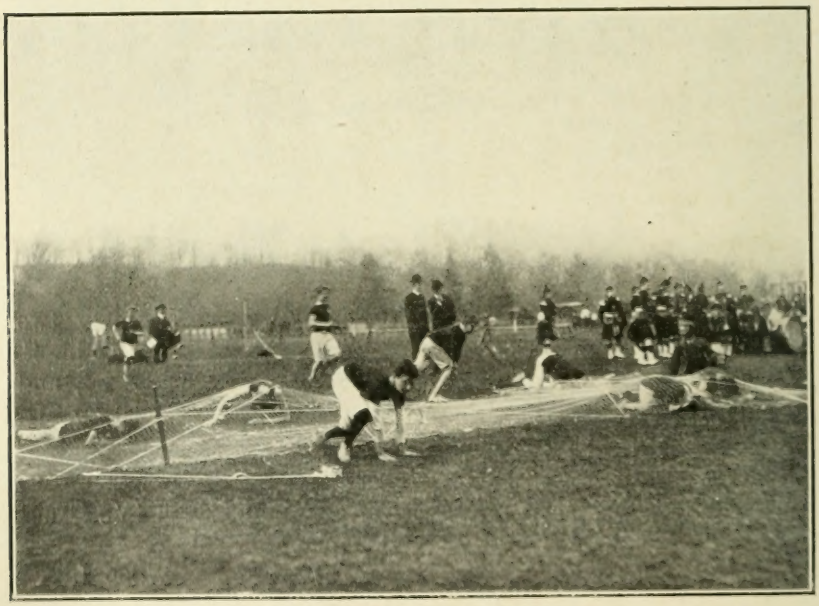
LOWER SCHOOL CRICKET.

THERE have been only a few games so far. Christie Clark, acting as captain, arranged a match with the lower flat, senior school, which resulted in a defeat for the junior team: score 45-26. Douglas' bowling and batting were exceptionally good, while Leishman I. and Smith also played a good game.

On May 11th Upper Canada Preps made us a visit. Although they have a fine team we beat them with a score of 20-19. Douglas and Delaplante making top score. On the 14th Mr. James kindly picked two teams from the junior school to give us some practice. The Toronto boarders assumed the name of "The Torontos," while out-of-town fellows represented "The Dominions." The Dominions won: score 34-28. Delaplante bowled well; Bicknell made a good bat and wicket-keeper.

On June 1st Junior House met the "Madisons," by whom they were defeated with a score of 58 to 42. Bicknell, Campbell and Munro batted well while Delaplante's bowling was very good.

There are still one or two games to be played, the most important being the return game with U.C.C. Preps at Upper Canada grounds.



GYM. TEAM, 1906-07.

THE ASSAULT-AT-ARMS.

ON Wednesday evening, March the twenty-seventh, the first annual assault-at-arms of St. Andrew's College took place. The event, which was witnessed by nearly four hundred people, was a pronounced success from every point of view. Many parents, brothers and sisters (and others) came up to the school to view the exercises and went away well satisfied with the performance of the boys. The programme, which consisted of eleven numbers in all, was divided into two parts. The first was given over to calisthenics, apparatus and matwork, while antagonistic engagements made up part two.

All the different forms were represented in some manner. Calisthenics and marching by Form I, upper and lower preps, was the first number on the programme; and the forming of the letters S A C by these smaller boys all uniformly clad in crimson and white brought forth the merited applause of the onlookers: The work of IV. A. and IV. B. was of a very finished order and their exhibition of calisthenic and apparatus work showed careful training. The

gymnasium team was in the limelight a large part of the evening. It consisted of Davison I., Davison II., Davison III. and Corbould. They appeared in three different numbers. Their efforts on the horizontal bar, on the flying rings, and their tumbling on the mat caused more than one to whisper in an awed breath, "Just like Shea's."

Interspersed with some of the thrilling mid-air performances were the irresistibly funny antics of some professional clowns, who, although very amusing, performed some feats of strength which called forth as much praise as had any of the many wonderful things that took place. The Junior Leaders did a very pleasing turn on the German horse. Ferguson (I.) was disguised as a clown and provoked so much mirth that could St. Andy have been carried into the gymnasium from his perch over the door, the old fellow would surely have cracked a smile.

There was a short intermission between parts one and two. During this second half the gymnasts gave place to those who gave exhibitions of self-defense. Eberts and Hope gave a boxing exhibition which was just spirited enough to be exciting. There were no decisions given after the bouts as that would have made the assault-at-arms resemble too closely the boxing, fencing and wrestling tournament which was to take place later on April 24th and 25th. McColl wrestled with Strother, who was college bantam-weight champion in 1906. Both of these boys showed that they possessed more than a meagre amount of knowledge of the head spinning game. A two round fencing bout between Gill and Wrong (I) proved to be as interesting as it was fast. This finished, all chairs were turned towards the southeast corner of the gymnasium, where MacKirdy had mounted a small platform to prove his skill as a bag puncher. He was not long in proving it, and soon the audience was applauding him heartily for his clever work. The evening's entertainment was brought to an end by the "Fight for the blockade," between MacKeen (I.) and Delaplante (II.) Although scientific work did not specially characterize their efforts it was nevertheless very amusing.

The Isthmian Club, under whose auspices the assault-at-arms was held, deserves to be congratulated on the creditable manner in which the evening's sport was carried out. Most credit is due, however, to the physical director, Mr. Chapman, who has worked long and untiringly in the gym. with the boys since last September. Next year's assault-at-arms is looked forward to with much enjoyment.

WESLEY W. WINANS.

WINNERS OF BOXING, WRESTLING AND FENCING TOURNAMENT, 1906-07.

THE BOXING, FENCING AND WRESTLING TOURNAMENT.

COMPARED with last year's tournament, the one of this year was much better—better in nearly every department. The bouts, both in boxing and wrestling passed off with greater promptness, were noticeable for more science and were more pleasing from the spectator's point of view. The preliminaries took place on Wednesday afternoon, April twenty-fourth. In all ten bouts were witnessed on the opening day, five of these being boxing while the other five were wrestling. The bouts in the boxing consisted of three two-minute rounds.

The first bout to be decided was in the 115 lb. class between Corbould and Bath. The former had an advantage of 10 lbs. over the latter, who, although fighting gamely was outclassed.

Bicknell and Macdonald II. also boxed three rounds in the 115 lb. class. In the first round Bicknell showed to advantage, while Macdonald forced matters in the second round. The last round which proved to be very exciting was won by Bicknell. The decision was well received, but was especially popular with the lower school boys.

The 135 lb. class bout between Norris and Bollard was very even and as no decision could be reached after four rounds of fast and furious going, Mr. Chapman decided to have it finished in the finals on the night of the twenty-sixth of that month.

One of the tamest bouts was between MacAvity and Cutler in the 145 lb. class. MacAvity went after Cutler from the sound of the gong and seemed to forget all about the fact that they were both easterners. As the second round showed MacAvity landing with his left and right on Cutler's face and body at will, a decision was made without a third round being called.

Burton mastered Wood I. in the heavy weight class after three rounds of not very exciting boxing. The first round was the only one in which the result was not evident. Wood, however, showed pluck and is to be congratulated on his improvement of form over last year.

In the wrestling Crowe and Bollard were the first to necessitate the mat being brought into the ring. They were entered in the 135 lb. class, and held the attention of the spectators for only one minute

and forty-four seconds. Bollard won the bout after throwing Crowe twice. He secured the first fall in nineteen seconds with a cross-buttock, and the second fall in one minute and twenty-five seconds with a half-Nelson.

Davison II. made short work of his bout with Bicknell in the 115 lb. class. He secured his first fall in three minutes and twenty seconds, while the winning of his second fall took him forty seconds.

The school record for the length of time in securing one fall was broken when Firstbrook and Boyd wrestled forty-seven minutes, with no result. Boyd won the decision, however, owing to his aggressiveness. It may be said that both boys did well and if the standard work in the featherweight class next year is as good there will be no cause to complain.

On Friday night, April twenty-sixth, the finals were held. If the Isthmian Club was satisfied with the number of people which attended the assault-at-arms it was simply dee-lighted with the manner in which the people crowded the gymnasium to witness the final boxing, fencing and wrestling bouts. Mr. Cochrane, the physical instructor at Upper Canada College, very kindly refereed the boxing bouts, while Mr. Chapman refereed the wrestling bouts. The decisions of both gentlemen were satisfactory to all.

Gill and Duncanson fenced seventeen minutes for the championship of the school. Gill scored two points, five minutes after which Duncanson evened up. Gill managed to break the tie by scoring a fifth point and winning the bout.

Winstanley and Phillips wrestled only two rounds for the middleweight championship of the school, since it took Winstanley only two rounds to procure two falls. On a scissors and far three-quarter Nelson he pinned Phillips in two minutes. The second fall took him six minutes to obtain; but at the end of that time Phillips could not get away from a near half-Nelson.

The deciding bout in the boxing bantam weight class was fought for by Kirkhouse and Rutter. Round one went to Kirkhouse, while Rutter captured the second. In the third round Kirkhouse clearly outpointed his opponent and got the decision.

Acton and Elliot I. were the contestants in a special one hundred and twenty-five pound class bout. Elliot took the lead from the first and was never headed during the full route, winning in handy fashion from him of the light locks.

The most scientific bout of the tournament was between John-

son I. and Norris in the lightweight class. In the first round Norris did the forcing, while Johnson had the better form. The end of the second round showed Norris slightly in the lead and he was awarded the decision at the end of the third round. Johnson received little punishment owing to his clever footwork and shiftiness.

The welterweight class brought out MacAvity and Delaplante I. The former had much the better of the first round and was unprepared for the rally made by Delaplante in the second. There was no underrating done in the last round, however, and MacAvity won as he pleased.

Winstanley and Phillips clashed in the middleweight class. A tamer round than their first one could hardly be imagined. A great improvement was made in the second round in which Phillips appeared to have a slight advantage. In the third round Phillips chased Winstanley all over the ring and many were surprised when the bout was awarded to Winstanley on account of low hitting by Phillips.

Hope went in against Burton for the heavyweight championship, although he could have entered the middleweight class. The honors in the first round were very evenly divided. Hope avoided Burton's left leads by close in-fighting. In the second round Burton kept away from Hope and in this manner landed almost at will. Hope, in ducking under a right swing, hit his head on Burton's hip bone. He fell to the floor and it seemed as if he had been knocked out; but he pluckily resumed. Burton in the third round had Hope at his mercy and won the bout with little trouble.

For a change the wrestling bouts were again resorted to. Monroe won from McKeen II. in class B after ten minutes' work. There was no fall, but Monroe did all the forcing.

McColl threw Yuile twice in succession in class C. He secured the first fall in three minutes and the second fall in two minutes.

Two falls were won by Strother from Thompson V. in the bantam weight class. The time for the falls was two minutes and six minutes.

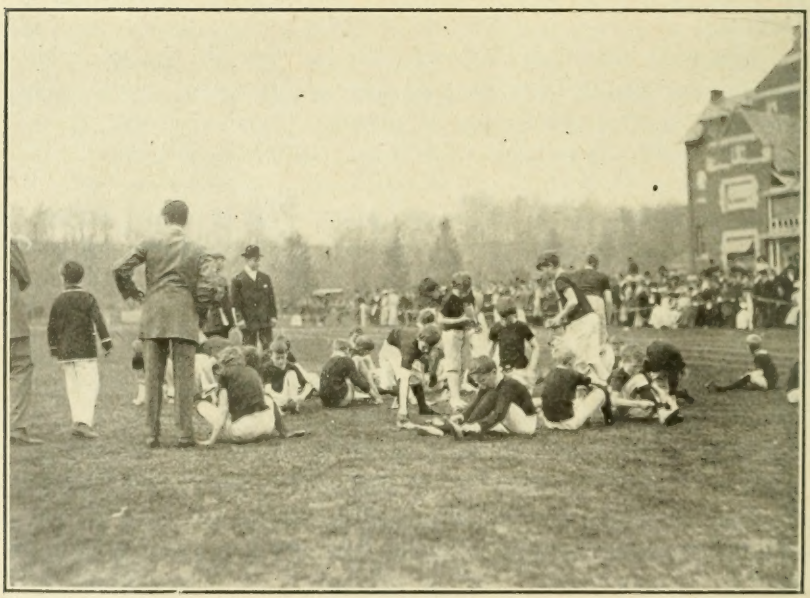
Davison II. and Boyd wrestled ten minutes without a fall being secured by either boy. The former received the decision by his aggressiveness. It may be stated, however, that Boyd is a very promising wrestler and with more experience will be a hard boy to defeat.

Delaplante I. defaulted to Davison I. in the welterweight class.

The last bout of the evening was between Bollard and Gill. The former won the first fall in one minute and twenty-five seconds, and the second fall in one minute.

This ended the second annual tournament, and judging from the interest shown in the bouts and from the number of contestants entering each class, the tournament may well be considered a school fixture of great account at Saint Andrew's College.

WESLEY W. WINANS.



THE SEVENTH ANNUAL ATHLETIC GAMES.

VERY seldom are we fortunate enough to have a day for our sports which is not to some extent at least marred by rain. The exception proves the rule, for Friday, May the seventeenth, was an ideal day. The dark leaden clouds hung ominously low about two o'clock, but instead of doing any harm they rather served to molify the rays of Old Sol.

The College was "en fête" as Hortibus says, and it was a day to be remembered long after we have passed from St. Andrew's. One reason why it will be impressed deeply in our memories is because this is the first year that we have ever held our games on our own grounds. It would be hard to conceive a prettier sight than the course presented. The green field, with the college and thickly wooded ridge rising to the north and east as a back-ground, looked its best with the crimson and white hurdles rising at regular intervals on its velvet-like turf. The two marquees overflowed with charming young ladies attended by stately matrons and attentive brothers. The crimson blazers and white flannels seen everywhere, added as much to the gayety of the scene, as did the Forty-

Eighth Highlanders' band, which discoursed music while the different events were being run off.

Not next in importance to the games themselves was the planting of the commemorative elm by that grand old scholar, Professor Goldwin Smith. The school appreciates to a very large degree the honor conferred upon it by this gentleman, who is so well known and respected by us all. His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, in a few well-chosen words expressed the high esteem in which he held Dr. Goldwin Smith. The principal, Dr. Macdonald, thanked Dr. Smith for the honor that the school as a whole was receiving from this noted man of letters.

After a sapling elm had its roots safely packed in rich brown loam the younger people eagerly made their way to the Assembly Hall where dancing was enjoyed for two hours or more. It was truly a day to be marked in the recording of sports days. Fifteen hundred people were present, and from all sides came expressions of praise and remarks flattering to the Athletic Association. Mrs. Macdonald received during the afternoon and many of her guests took advantage of the view of the field from the verandah of the principal's house.

Much could be said about the events. The preliminaries in the dashes, and the finals in the 440 yards, the one-half mile and the mile were run on the Varsity oval. The feature of the runs was the

breaking of the school record for the mile by Grass, who did it in the splendid time of 4.56. At the finish Grass was so far ahead of Knox that he did not have to extend himself. Had he been harder pressed he might easily have lowered his present mark by a second. In the finals Burton was the "premier danseuse," all the rest compared with him were simply coryphees. This versatile athlete won the senior championship cup, while Edmunds by very consistent work carried off the boarders' championship cup. Among the juniors, Smith III. was the most successful and won the junior championship cup. This year a boarders' championship cup for lower school boys was very kindly donated by Mrs Macdonald. It was won by Bicknell, who is to be congratulated on the very good showing he made.

This year there were more entries for each event than we have had on any previous sports day, a fact which in itself is encouraging. And so a thorough comparison beween the past annual spring meets and the one of this year's tends to give us a fuller understanding of that remarkable prosperity, that deep respect and merited recognition which St. Andrew's College is now enjoying.

The following is the list of events with their winners: —

440 Yards Dash—58 secs.—Knox, Edmunds, Gill.

One Mile—4.56—Grass, Knox, Macdonald II.

One-half Mile—2.8—Knox, Grass, Edmunds.

Throwing Cricket Ball (Senior)—96 yds. 2 ft.—Winstanley, Eberts, MacAvity.

Throwing Cricket Ball (Junior)—69 yds. 8 ft.—Wright, Gooch, Hillman.

Running Broad Jump (Junior)—13 ft. 9 in.—Smith III., Bicknell, Delaplante II.

Running Broad Jump (Senior)—17 ft. 3 in.—Burton, Fergusson I., Flemming.

Standing Broad Jump (Junior)—7 ft. 9 in.—Smith III., Bicknell, Delaplante.

Standing Broad Jump (Senior)—8 ft. 10½ in.—Burton, Ferguson I., Grant II.

Running High Jump (Junior)—4 ft. 4 in.—Wright, Clark V., Lockart.

Running High Jump (Senior)—5½ ft.—Burton, Macdonald II., Knox.

Putting the Shot—32 ft. 7 in.—Burton, Winstanley, Norris.

50 Yards Dash (Preparatory Forms)—7 1-5 secs.—Wright II., Campbell II., Paterson II.

100 Yards Dash (Senior)—10 4-5 secs.—Edmunds, Skinner, Winstanley.

100 Yards Dash (Junior)—12 3-5 secs.—Bicknell, Smith III., Wright I.

100 Yards Dash (under 13)—13 secs.—Cassels I., Wilson III., Goodman.

Three-Legged Race—Mackay and Evans, Carlyle and Hewitt.

220 Yards Dash (Senior)—25 secs.—Edmunds, Knox, Winstanley.

220 Yards Dash (Junior)—28 4-5 secs.—Smith III., Bicknell, Wright I.

220 Yards Dash (under 17)—23 1-2 secs.—Skinner, Bell, MacKay.

Lower School Race (Handicap)—12 1-5 secs.—McColl, Thompson, Delaplante.

Sack Race—Lindlay II., Carlyle, Munro II.

Obstacle Race—Carlyle, Munro II., McCullough.

Hurdle Race (Senior)—22 1-5 secs.—Macdonald II., Burton, Edmunds.

Hurdle Race (Junior)—Smith III., Gooch, McKenzie.

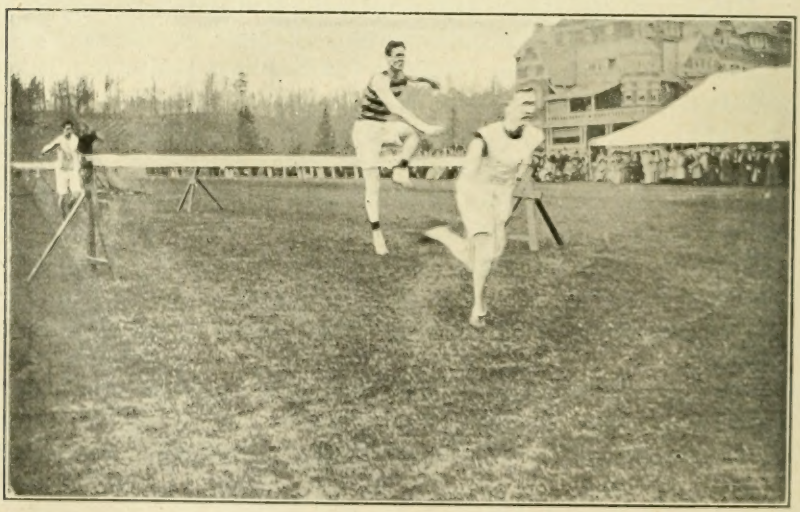
Old Boy's Race—Boyle, Crossen, Driscoll.

Consolation Race (Junior)—14 3-5 secs.—Won by Hillman.

Consolation Race (Senior)—MacAvity, Clark.

Relay Race (Forms VI., V., IV., III.)—3.24—IV.A.—Knox, MacAvity, Edmunds.

WESLEY W. WINANS.



Miscellany.

THE CADET CORPS.

THE annual drill season for nineteen hundred and six and seven closed with an inspection of the corps by Col. Galloway on Tuesday, June 4th. From last November till that date the cadets turned out every Tuesday to receive instruction at the hands of Quartermaster-Sergeant Hatt, drill instructor of the 48th Highlanders.

The total strength of the corps is about 68; practically the same as last year. It was hoped at the first of the season to have a larger enrollment, but as the finances of the Cadet Corps Fund (a fund started last year for the support of the corps) did not permit the purchase of additional uniforms the corps' strength remained unchanged. But this slight disappointment was fully balanced by the efficiency of those enrolled.

This year the privilege of using the 48th shooting galleries at the Armouries for a period each week was fully taken advantage of, the Cadets benefiting much, as was shown by the scores made towards the end of the year when not a few scored over twenty out of the possible twenty-five marks.

The match for the rifle, donated by the Daughters of the Empire for competition amongst the Cadets, has not yet been held, but will be held before the close of school.

On Sunday, May 19th, the corps turned out with the Highlanders for the Toronto Garrison Parade and made a splendid showing, fully upholding if not adding to the good name which was made for the corps last year.

The day for inspection was not one which could have been termed ideal, as it rained or drizzled nearly all day, but fortune was with us and it stopped raining just after the falling in, in the gymnasium, and held off till a few minutes after five, just giving nice time for drill.

Lt.-Col. Galloway was the inspecting officer. He arrived at 3.15 and after inspecting in the gymnasium the rifles and uniforms, had the corps march to the campus where he, after seeing them drill for

about an hour, spoke to the corps, complimenting them on their drilling and smart, soldierly appearance, mentioning especially the steadiness of the corps, a thing which he said "was seldom found amongst cadets."

Too much credit cannot be given to Sergeant Hatt for the efficiency of the corps. Always willing, obliging and painstaking and with unlimited patience he has won for himself the greatest respect and affection of the boys. He is on hand at all times, helping and encouraging the boys when on parade, especially when they are out with the city regiments where nervousness and lack of confidence are only overcome by having such a man near. It is sincerely hoped that he will again be instructing the corps next year, a fact which in itself will ensure an equal success as that attained by the boys of this just completed season.

The boys themselves, however, deserve great praise for the way in which they turned out to drill throughout the year and the interest which they manifested in everything pertaining to the corps' welfare. The officers would like to take this opportunity of thanking them for this interest, and hope it will always continue so.

The officers and non-commissioned officers were: Captain, R. J. Gill; 1st Lieutenant, A. E. Duncanson; 2nd Lieutenant, L. Wood; Sergeants, Col.-Sergt. Macpherson, Sergt. Burton, Sergt. Hope and Sergt. Chase; Corporals, Bowman I., Edmunds, Macdonald II., and Grass.

R. T. G.

LEAVING.

STANDING on Saint Andrew's threshold,
Gazing o'er the smoky town,
Thinking of my soon departure,
Random thoughts I scribble down.

My feet still rest on the care-free school floor.
Soon to be planted in the throng,
A backward glimpse at the life that's over
Gone—fled forever as a song.

Then the college left behind me
Ne'er may I return the same,
Never see life from the standpoint
Of that year in which I came.

One phase of my life has vanished,
Quarter of the years of men,
Though as Bible psalmist singeth,
He might pass three score and ten.

Have my hours here been wasted?
Can I dare to meet with fate?
Through forever with the small things,
Fitted now to work the great?

Good-bye, school, our life's broad gateway,
Days there portal to that hall,
In which the stairs run in the dark,
And some climb, though many fall.

Many—yet the earth has bettered
As the ages fast unfurled,
Gained in wisdom while the schools grew,
Power house for all the world.

Far in future time we wander
Down the troubled stream of years,
Let us work whate'er the end be,
Fight and grapple with our fears.

Farewell, college! Farewell, school days!
Good-bye, masters of the gown,
This I thought, and started on towards,
Distant blur of smoky town.

E. M. W.

EXCHANGES.

FROM far off China—Tientsin, to be particular—comes the magazine of the Anglo-Chinese College there, *College Echoes* by name. It teaches us things of the existence of which we were ignorant. First, that athletics have a strong place in the land of the pig-tail, and next, that many boys from this school are scattering to various colleges over the world. This last we learn from the Old Boys' column. The magazine is well worth reading, containing many interesting items.

Acroama has one good story—the first, and its usual excellent imitation of the *Spectator*. These with some readable tales and a few more or less interesting articles make it up. It is creditable on the whole, showing unmistakable evidences of taste.

We have received the jubilee number of the *Magnet*, from Jarvis Street Collegiate. It is most interesting, not only to a student of history, but also to the man in the street, as it shows great care and excellent workmanship.

In *Acta Victoriana*, besides numerous scientific articles and some good short stories, we find much poetry of some value. In the March number we especially commend some verse, entitled "Valedictory, 1907."

From O. A. C., Guelph, comes their *Review*, full of farming information (at least it seemed, to our inexperienced eye, to be about farming). But, besides all this shop, in its many pages we find some things that would interest even the veriest of laymen.

Small, but in many respects good, is the *Collegiate Outlook* from Moose Jaw. The main trouble which we notice is that nearly all of the best things in it are taken from far distant writers.

Also small, but select and artistically got up, is the *Ashburian*, from Ashbury College, Ottawa. A new exchange, it shows taste in both matter and technique, and we welcome it cordially.

The *Harbord Review* is another new exchange, which we are glad to see. Though at times a trifle wearisome, on the whole it is most creditable.

The *Blue and White*, from Rothesay, N.B., appears once more. A little verse and an illustration or two would improve it.

Amongst others have come the *McMaster Monthly*, the Queen's University *Journal*, Trinity College School *Record*, Buffalo Central High School *Calendar*, Baltimore University School *Register*, St. Hilda's *Chronicle*, *Acta Victoriana*, and the *Shenis*, from Schenectady.

Skits.

MR. H.: "MacKeen, what do you think of the character of Hamlet?"

Anderson butting in: "He was a brute and belonged to the Forty Thieves!"

Our closing anthem: "For all the Saints who from their labors rest."

In vain we climb the heavenly steps,
To look at Martin's hair;
We must but guess at how it keeps
It is so cold up there.

Bell II. leaving class with sixteen quarters: "Good-bye, fellows! I must away!"

We are glad to have Angstrom with us for a day.

Who has seen Montana's tennis medal?

Master: "The next boy I see will take sixteen quarters!"
Chorus: "Don't look at me, sir!"

The school celebrated Victoria Day most fittingly by the opening of the rhubarb season.

"Vinchesthur, are you through perhaps pretty soon?"

"Haaf" haven't heard of "out you go,"
Nor yet of "silly asses,"
Then, "Haaf" go in where hours flow,
To 'rithmetical classes.

It is lucky that "hand mattresses" were forbidden when they were as it enabled Missoula to return his Ostermoor before his thirty days' free trial expired.

The following is the college baseball team proposed by a few enthusiastic fans:—

Pitcher—"Little Eva."
Catcher—"Gangle."
1st Base—"Pickles."
2nd Base—"Cheese."
3rd Base—"W. Perry McKay.
Shortstop—"Lohius."
Left Field—"Gibbie."
Right Field—"Steevie."
Centre Field—"Eby S."
Under the gracious patronage of "Montana Bill."

Chalk was scarce during the milk famine.

Smile, Chase! Dub Sale used to when he was a perfect.

Gladney quoting Tennyson: "Forgive my wild and wandering cries."

With apologies to the author:—

"Be strenuous and let who will be clever,
Give striking blows, not take them all day long,
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One Chinese gong."

We judge that Cutler's favorite book is Dickens' "A child's dream of a *star*."

Mr. W.'s release from the sick room was anxiously awaited by the tennis fiends.

If "Fat" Grant ever enters politics it is safe to predict that he will advocate "the full dinner pail."

Martin (in a burst of rapture to "Little Eva" on first seeing the Don): "Oh, see the little cloudlet above the little wavelet, so like a tiny leaflet dancing o'er the scene."

Ned Winstanley (in the rear): "Cheese it, 'Long,' you had better go to the little pumplet in the yardlet and soak your little headlet."

Which do you prefer:—
"Out you go."
"Git aout," or
"Thur is the door."

It was merely an oversight that "Coozy" Burke did not go into the Old Boys' race.

Messenger from the office: "Sir, mai the Principal have Massa Hiwood?"

Macnee at a Yonge Street haberdasher's: "Let me see the vilest pair of socks you have."

"Kiss—me" Cutler requests everyone to save him their banana peelings as polish for his new-fangled tan shoes.

The following were the rules required to be observed by the inmates of the measel quarantine:—

(1) There is to be strictly no talking out of the window either to the birds or stars.

(2) Walking strictly prohibited either on your head or feet, either for moon gazing or healthful exercise. This applies likewise to crawling and tight rope walking.

(3) The use of dumb-bells as missles strictly prohibited during the hours of 11 p.m. to 5 a.m.

(4) Don't eat, drink or think without special permission.

(5) No whittling of the dumb-bells.

(6) "No flowers received."

(7) Positively no tipping the undertaker.

"The Cinch Sanitarium." By Order.
North Toronto.

(For the benefit of the Nova Scotians.)

Since Dr. Falconer's appointment it has been stated that the wise men of Canada come from the East. It may be further noted that the wiser they get the quicker they come from the East.

We think good manners are quite as much in evidence in the upper fifth as good arithmetic.

"Whisky" did the "grand" at the games.

Lieut. Wood in Drill: "Pull together, Martin! Pull together!"

Caldwell I. says he doesn't like to shave because it makes his beard bristly.

Did you see the abbreviated boy with the colossal hat?

We regret that the doctor does not give a favorable report on Chase's condition during the past year.

Gladney: "You should see the big red fifteen thousand dollar automobile we have in Belleville!"

Chase will no longer be seen in tragedy, but we are happy to report that he is making a hit in the circles of humor.

Yours to a cinder, W. W. W. How big a cinder?

Mr. H. in Literature: "Why didn't Hamlet kill the king when he was praying?"
Harcourt: "Because Shakespeare wanted the story to run longer,"

Mr. Winans has been dissipating at the Tuck recently.

Knox has been dodging people with cigars since Longboat was injured.

When the price of milk went up Delaplante went home to keep from starving.

In Grammar Class: "Shred, shredded, shredded wheat!"

It's hard luck that we can't make any more jokes on Crowe's name.

Hastings I., after the Glen Mawr line arrived, "S T U N G !"

The Masters, referring to Bell I.: "We like dat boaoy."

Crack! Is the building falling down? No, only Sherrif removing his shoes.

The coach offered to take Sands to Mimico, but he was afraid.

Highfield boy to McNeil: "Did you play on the 2nd football team?"

Sands is studying chemistry in study with an ink well.

Mr. R—. (Coming in to put out the lights to Burns, who is on the window sill): "Burns, that looks conspicuous."

Lafferty has left. So has the Calgary boom.

Jage Chase is an awful cut up, but he is calming down now. He recently swore he wouldn't speak to a girl for two days.

Riches (after a bath): "Gee! I feel ten pounds lighter."

Master: "You're not the only person that ever knew anything."
Wright: "Oh, no, there's Shakespeare."

Thompsons, I., II., III., IV., V., VI.: We're a' John Thompson's bairns.

"Bung" Flemming has a job in a Brewery.

Mr. C.: "Admiral Van Trome sailed up the Midway with a broom at his masthead saying that he was going to sweep the sea."
Miller: "Why didn't he use Old Dutch Cleanser?"

Old Head: "I have seen hail in June."
S. A. C. Lad: "I have seen Hale in August."

Stranger at Varsity to Driscoll: "Has your father a very large farm?"

When the Principal mentioned the refreshments several boys had to hold Grant III. in his seat.

Grant I. to Bell Boy: "We're pals, ain't we 'Enery?' "

Skinner, referring to baseball match: "Toronto won by three goals."

Mr. B. to Carling: "If one apple cost one cent, what would ten cost?"
Carling: "20 cents, sir."

Davison III.: "That's nothing! I bowled Jack Hope."

"Mystery of room 3, or who took Ikey's Cadet buttons?"

"Mystery of lower study; or Who dumped the ink well?"

Mr. P. to Oliver, who dropped a book on the floor: "Why don't you make more noise?"
Oliver drops the pile that was left.

McLagan to Ross: "Ikey, come out from behind that tree!"

Matheson did not enjoy the mouse hunt on second flat.

Davison III. is thinking of joining the Toronto baseball team.

Room 8 is always heated with hot air when Davison III. is around.

Mr. Bell: "Patrick, where does the sun rise?"
Patrick: "In the west, sir."

Cutler (to group of junior house boys): "I could have easily beaten MacAvity in the boxing tournament, but I had a stiff neck."
One of the boys: "Yes, it looked very stiff, especially just after you'd been hit."

Chase to Pickles: "I bet our crops of potatoes will beat yours this year."
Pickles: "Not so sure about that, but I'll bet a squash that our turnips will beat yours."

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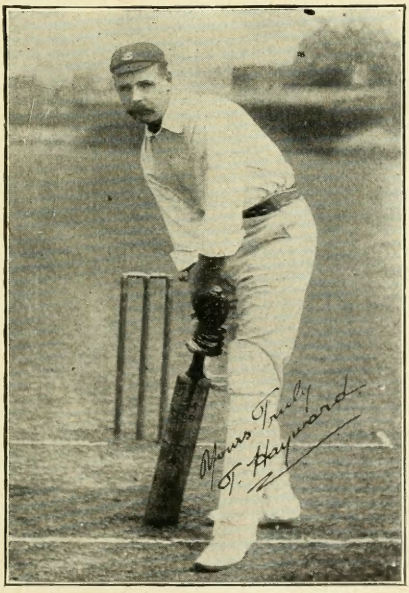

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Mr. R. (translating a sentence in Latin): "This man was not conscious of injury to himself."

Harcourt: "Did he have paralysis?"

Flemming (singing): "Give me a little dolly, one I may call my own."

Mr. F.: "Donald, what's the meaning of falling sickness?"

Donald (his mind full of current events): "Measles, sir."

"Hymn No. 251. Woh! back, Creaser!

Clark's socks were one of the sights at the sports.

Irwin (to Gill): "Bob. give me a nude piece of paper."

GRASS—WOOD.—The engagement is announced between Bully Bob Grass, late of Port Credit, to Miss Gertrude Redness Wood of Sunnyside. Cobalt and Washago papers please copy.

MacFarland: "Who swiped my curling tongs?"

Mr. McG.: "Winstanley, when are you going to settle down?"

Winstanley: "Settled down already." Loud applause from gallery.

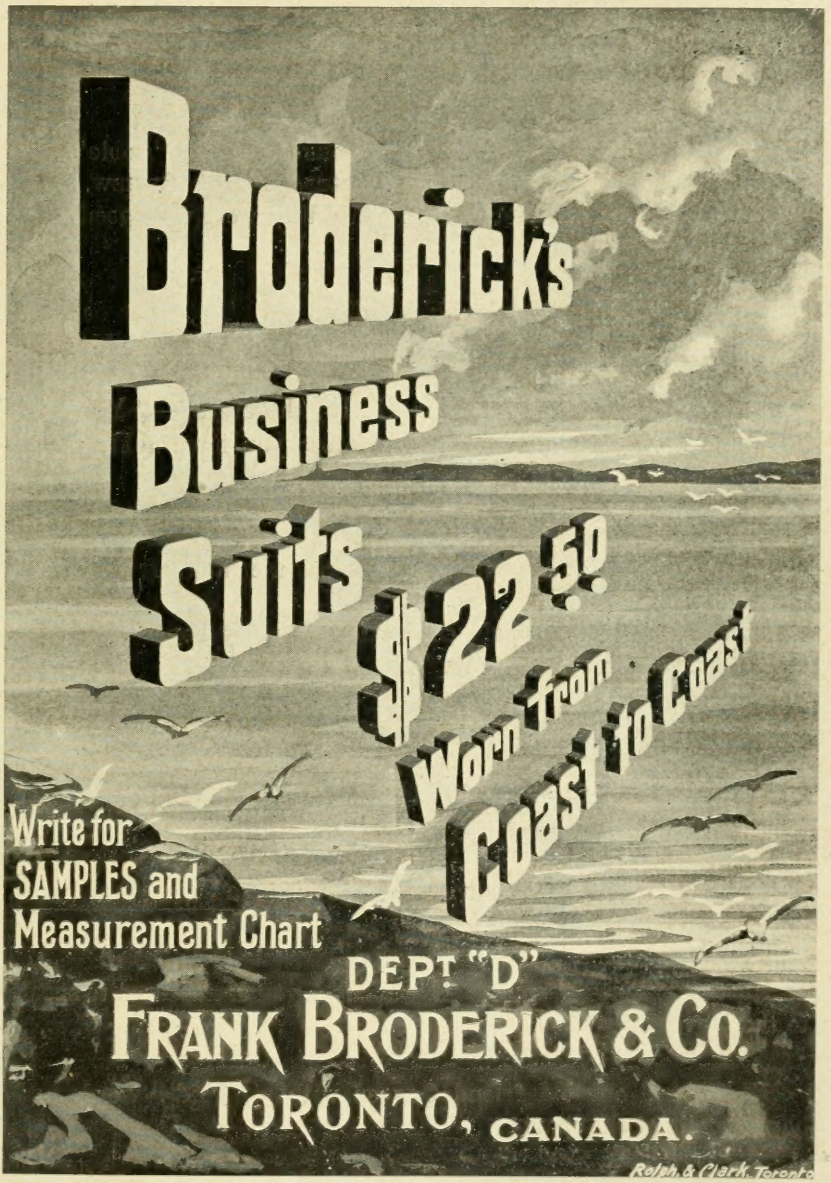
Grant III. translating Caesar: "He sent him with long boats."

McKirdy at 7.15 in morning: "She's a foxy summer girl and ——."

Montana: "Say, Hughie, you should see the medal I got at home for the boy's tennis championship of our town."

Hughie: "How old were the boys?"

Hardie reading his composition aloud: "'An the Injuns were jumpin' around like a pack o' geese."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Bung in his sleep: "Oyez she's the candy. I've got her pinched all right.

MacFarland and Burns were at Parker's dye works the other day on very important business.

The boys with cameras are to be thanked for the "noble" and "unselfish" way in which they took pictures for the REVIEW. One boy out of 300 sent in pictures. Luckily they were very good.
Thank you, boys!

The staff isn't getting at all familiar, no? The other day one of the highly respected was heard to say: "Are you Ready Wood?"

Hope at dinner: "My face is II. R^2, therefore"—"Yes," interrupted fifth form humorist, "therefore you have a II. face."

Mr. F—y: "B—ton, take your hands out of your pockets, you don't look nice that way."
B—ton, removing his hands: "Do I look nice now, sir?"

"5B forever" says small, but extremely noisy boy. "We even have a member in the orchestra."

MacFarland: "Sir, may I borrow a match—I mean a pencil?"

Delaplante to Clark: "The latest from Paris is to wear the trousers two inches below the knee."—Soulful socks.

Room 8 is very warm, having a steam radiator as well as "Hot Air."

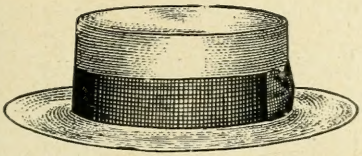
Hastings II. at the sports: "I wonder if you are allowed to speak to the Havergal girls."

We missed our old friend Goggen with his kindly words and happy smile at the sports.

Many a fair maiden inquired where Forgey was at the sports. He is not forgotten yet.

OFFICERS OF THE CADET CORPS, 1906-07.

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY (REGISTERED)



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Caldwell I., making 23 runs in S. A. C. *vs.* Highfield match: "Gee, if Edith could only see me now."

Mr. W.: "What strikes you as the big difference between diamonds and the other forms of carbon?"
Ikey Ross: "The cost."

Sherlock Holmes, the great detective, was visiting St. Andrew's College. When asked by one of the boarders if he could find any lemon in the lemonade served on Field Day, the great detective fell on his knees and begged them not to tell Conan Doyle.

Ross I. to Mr. P.: "Sir, is dandruff dried thinks?"

McCullough II. wishes to notify any boys that are leaving the College that he has two pair of old socks he is willing to give away as keepsakes.

At the T. C. S. game owing to the cold weather many muffs were in evidence.

Bung filled in his spare time keeping track of the different holds used by the bride and groom.

June opened well with three couples on the way home from T. C. S.

J. O. used to dream of Alice, but in future, however, his visions in slumberland will be of Camille.

Hats have been put to many uses, but there was a new one sprung on the public coming home from T. C. S.

As usual, Ike quite forgot himself at dinner.

The catch of the season—by Choppy Grant.

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Hamilton may be pretty dead, but it was the only place in which Bung could let a contract for making a pair of boots to fit him.

When the brakeman called "Riverdale next stop" two train hands tried to coax Bung from the train to take him to the Zoo. Not yet but next time!

Vic Miller waxed eloquent addressing a very select audience on the train on the way home from T. C. S.

Mr. F—n—l—y: "Now, boys, I want you to write your compositions on something simple."

McL—r—n I. (from back of room): "McIntosh, for instance."

Mr. N.: "You bally ass."

Wesley and his little golf bag.

Ramsey's eloquence—"Phœbus, dear, wander here without further preamble."

Be "cam," J. O.